# Daily Eagle

## TWEET, SWEET.

We rambled through the meadows green,
Like children at their play,
He told me of the wonders seen
In distant lands away;
I prized the more as longer grew
The stories he would tell—
I found him good, I proved him true—
How could I love too well?

"Tweet, Sweet," from the apple tree,
A little bird sang to him and me.

We gathered flowers in the lane,
For 'twas the month of May,
And one year hence he'd come again—
'Twould be our wedding day,
Oh! swiftly did the hours fly
And happy was my heart,
He told me "after this good by
We never more shall part."

"Tweet, Sweet," from shrub and tree,
The little birds sang for him and me.

The east wind rose, the sails were spread,
His ship moved out to sea;
My sailor boy climbed the mast head
And threw a kiss to me.
'Tis twenty years ago since then,
And once again 'tis May;
The sun shines bright, the flowers bloom—
My tresses all are gray.

"Tweet, Sweet," sing the birds in glee,
But never my love came back to me.

### Deaths from Lead Poisoning.

In the list of deaths from poisoning in Great Britain—511 in a single year—ninety-five, or over one-sixth, were caused by lead. The people of all civilized countries are in need of special caution concerning the use of lead. Lead pipes, lead faucets, lead solder, and in many other forms, lead is a subtle and terrible danger. Thousands suffer from lead poisoning who do not die thereby. It should never be used, when by corrosion it can become an element in food or drink. The symptoms are so easily laid to other causes that it can do serious mischief before its presence is suspected. Its use in red precipitate as a solder on pipes is specially dangerous. Next to lead, the cases of poison most numerous were from opium, then from carbolic acid. Belladonna and alcohol, aconite, chlorodyne and hydrochloric acid follow in the list with nearly equal pace. For suicidal purpose carbolic acid was used in forty-two cases, morphine, opium and laudanum in forty-one. The fashion in suicide is very variable.—Globe-Democrat.

### A Peculiar Love Charm.

In the south of France they make a very peculiar love charm in a very peculiar way. Under certain ceremonies which I do not understand very well the young woman catches and boxes up a frog in a box with a lot of little holes bored in the wood. The casket is then buried in an ant hill and left there for two weeks. The ants of course attack the prisoner and eat up all his flesh, and all that is left is the creature's bones. Among these is a shield shaped bone about as large as one's thumb nail, upon one end of which is a little hook. The girl takes this bone and has it blessed surreptitiously by the priest without his knowledge—that is, she exposes it during the benediction at the mass—and then she hooks it on the clothing of her sweetheart that is to be. I was gravely assured that the charm, when properly prepared with all due ceremony and care, had never been known to fail.—Chicago News.

### Copy for the Editor.

Most editors dislike pencil copy. It is hard to read and bothers desk editor and compositors alike. News paper—paper like that on which newspapers are printed—should never be used for anything but newspaper copy. If it is used, the sheets should never be larger than commercial note size.

Editors may not complain of pencil copy, but they prefer pen and ink copy every time. Of course, if a writer has a regular and assured position, he may consult only his own convenience and disregard the wishes of those who handle his copy; but if he is sending his matter to an uncertain market the neater and handsomer he makes it, the more likely it is to sell.—"W. H. H." in The Writer.

### Manufacture of Chinese Cash.

A large number are engaged in molding, casting and finishing the "cash" used as coin all over China—Mexican dollars and Sycee silver being used in largo transactions. The cash are made from an alloy of copper and zinc, nearly the same as the well known Muntz metal; and it takes about 1,000 of them to answer as change for a dollar, so minute and low do prices run in this country, of which I will only give one instance. The fare for crossing the ferry on the Pelho was only two cash, or one-fifth of a cent.—Scientific American.

### What Are Woods For?

"The hardest question I ever had to answer," said a gentleman who had just come down from the Thousand Islands, "was put by my little boy while the train was passing through a small strip of woods. 'Papa,' he shouted, the roaring of the train making it difficult to hear, 'are there any lions an' tigers an' bears in these woods?' 'No,' I said. 'Well, if there ain't no lions an' tigers an' bears in woods,' he shrieked above the din, 'what do they have woods for?'"—Utica Observer.

### The Mouse and the Sage.

Once upon a time a Mouse went to a Sage and said:

"Tell me, O, Wise Man, a Remedy for my Trouble. I am so small that people look upon me with contempt."

"Be content, O, Mouse," was the reply of the Sage, after Reflection. "If your size was increased ten fold men would simply shout "Rats!" at you.

Moral.—There are worse Corns than those which come to us.—Detroit Free Press.

### How a Lithograph Is Made.

After the lithographer has carefully studied the original drawing before him and laid out his plan he makes a careful tracing of it on transparent gelatine, on which he indicates every line or shade or gradation, and this tracing is carefully transferred to a previously prepared stone and serves as a "key" to the entire work and for all the color stones.

The work on stone is drawn with a greasy black chemically prepared crayon, which, by the way, has to be sharpened backward, or from the point up, as its very brittle nature will not allow of its being sharpened in the ordinary way. The greasy crayon penetrates the stone, which is then subjected to a solution of gum arabic and nitric acid, after which it is carefully washed off with water. The black drawing, however, still shows, but is now easily washed from the face of the stone with turpentine, leaving the surface, to all appearances, as clean as when the stone first came into the artist's hands. It is then dampened with water. The printer passes his roller, charged with color, over the surface, and this adheres only where the stone is dry, or in other words, where the grease of the crayon is, and this color is transferred from the stone to the paper.

The same process is employed for the application of each successive color, portions of the picture being drawn on several different stones to obtain what may be called the composite tints, while others are only drawn on a single stone, when the color in the picture is to be one of those directly employed.—New York Mail and Express

## BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

### THE FATAL SUCCESS OF AN AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT.

**How Wealth and Fame Grew Out of a Roll of Wrapping Paper and a Couple of Lead Pencils—The Story of "My Partner."**

Bartley Campbell had about four years of such exquisite enjoyment as is permitted to very few men. But he lacked moral fiber and his great successes overwhelmed him. When he found money rolling in in a fashion that promised really great wealth in a very few years he seemed to have sought excitement of a different kind, which should balance the exhilaration and surprise that he found in the splendid change of fortune that came in a night. The safeguard for men of Campbell's temperament at such times is the family, and he had a charming one. But he sent his to Europe, and although he lavished all the money they needed upon them, yet he was beyond the restraining influences of domesticity, and it is no doubt partially due to this that he is now dead, as he has been intellectually dead for two years or more.

We suppose that Campbell's career will become historic as that of the one American not an actor who made a distinct pecuniary success as a playwright. It is, indeed, a pity that he should have collapsed on the threshold of a career which, with a man of sterner resolve and greater self control, might perhaps have paralleled that of any of the winners of great pecuniary prizes in dramatic composition. The fact that Campbell actually became famous and stepped over the threshold which divides poverty from wealth in one night is known to every one. But there are some interesting and highly suggestive incidents connected therewith, which it is now possible to tell for the first time. In the early spring of 1879 Campbell turned up in New York almost in extremity. He was indebted to friends for the bed on which he slept, and when he did not meet a friend he was frequently compelled to go hungry. He haunted one or two newspaper offices, and sold a little matter, and was extremely grateful for the aid thereby obtained. But great as was his poverty, he had a characteristic Irish way of living in the clouds and never betraying any of the servility or despondency which usually beset the person who is far to the bad pecuniarily.

One day in June, 1879, Campbell met a friend on Broadway. The day was warm, and yet Campbell's coat—he always wore a long tailed coat—was buttoned up to the chin. All sorts of reflections were possible at this queer midsummer garb, but Campbell was as light and trifling as though he had a bank book in his pocket and a breakfast in his stomach. The friend pretended that he was just going to lunch and invited Campbell to go with him. If the playwright did not understand the delicacy of the invitation when it was given, he could not have failed to do so when he saw the lunch, and he paid his entertainer the compliment of eating a tenderloin steak as if he were hungry. As they separated Campbell's friend said: "I suspect your ship hasn't come in, Bartley, and I want you to take this to remember me by." The "this" was a $5 bill. Campbell took it with easy grace, smiled, declared he would return it with interest, and he did. He afterward said that this $5 bill was the turning point in his fortune. With it he bought some paper and a couple of lead pencils. The paper was of the cheapest kind of white wrapping paper, and on it in two days' time he wrote that act of "My Partner" which made his fortune.

With a wad of this paper in his pocket he sailed out of his lodgings to find Louis Aldrich, who had won repute in Joaquin Miller's play of "The Danites." Aldrich gave a sigh of resignation when Campbell cornered him, and thought the easiest way to rid himself of what he feared would be a bore was to permit Campbell to read the play. The playwright, with his flimsy sheets in hand, began. At first Aldrich was bored, then entertained, then interested, then excited, and then, with dramatic enthusiasm, embraced the collarless playwright. Aldrich became more enthusiastic than Campbell, and promised at once to buy the play and gave the playwright some earnest money on the spot. So enthusiastic was Aldrich that he wanted to mount the play and produce it at once.

Behold, then, on the next morning an ambitious author with some money and a struggling playwright with none bound for Stamford, Conn., to see A. M. Palmer. The manager also sighed when he saw them, and declined peremptorily to listen to any proposition respecting the production of a play. He was tired, he said. He wanted to take his summer vacation in peace. Besides, he was on the point of going to New York and could not listen to them. Campbell's spirits came to the rescue. "You'll have an hour on the train," he said, "and nothing to do. You can hear the play and pass the time away, anyway." They secured two seats in the car, turning them so they would face. Palmer sat in the rear one and Campbell and Aldrich faced him. The expression on Palmer's face would have appalled a more timid man than Campbell. But he began to read. Palmer listened indifferently at first, but he ended by wiping his eyes. He was affected to tears the first time and last time in his experience as a manager. Said he, when they reached New York, "You may have the Union Square theatre if you will mount and produce the play. I will risk the rental on the success of it."

Mrs Campbell said to the writer when he narrated the above history in 1882 that a week after that play was produced he had received propositions for plays which, could he have entertained them, would have brought him $40,000 in cash. He also declared that during no season since the play was produced up to that time, the winter of 1882, had his cash receipts been less than $40,000, and at one season he had made nearly double that. He declared that he had $60,000 invested in securities, which could be turned into cash on the spot, and he estimated himself to be worth at least $150,000. He then expected to make $500,000 within five years, but said that he had determined to take all the profits of his play himself and not allow actors or managers to take the cream. Mr. Palmer thinks that Campbell, had he posessed good business sense and moral strength, would very likely have realized this sum. He had caught the public ear. He had discovered exactly what the great masses of theatregoers like and knew how to utilize it, and he had gained sufficient capital to carry on his enterprises, but he is another one of those who endure the sorrows and trials of poverty with far greater success than the excitement of prosperity.—New York Evening Sun.

## VARIOUS OLD SAYINGS.

### Absurd Old Saws That Were Once Believed by Good People.

We are apt to regard various old saws that have been preserved to us as the epitome of the wisdom of old observers, and possibly of some value for that reason, as the old observer had so little to distract attention and thought that his or her observation was likely to be closer and of more worth than the generalization of today, when people are skipping from point to point and, like rolling stones, staying nowhere long enough to gather any moss. But how many of these old saws and dicta are painfully absurd on their face, almost cruel to recall, when we remember that there were people who had no recourse but to believe in them; people, too, who could hardly be blamed in their day for any sort of belief, while both St. Augustine and Melancthon had belief in the existence and horrors of the were wolf.

Among these legends are a huge mass of instructions as to which day of the week for [illegible] instance, is the best one for cutting the hair and trimming the nails; which is to be sure, that are observed by people of more or less intellect and good breeding today, not, they will tell you, that they really believe in them, but that in case the instructions might be true, they prefer to be on the safe side and escape the penalties. Instructions also abound as to the fit day for engaging servants, for starting on journeys, for buying houses, building, and other matters. According to these old dicta, if one puts out of bed in the morning the left foot first, nothing could go right for the rest of the day. If one did not want ghosts to visit the bedside at night, one must not put the heels of one's shoes toward the bed in taking them off. In the same room with a newborn child a fire must be kept burning, to ward off the evil spirits that might make a changeling of it; the child must never be taken down stairs before it has been taken up stairs, lest it should never rise in the world; it must not be shown itself in the glass before it is three months old, or it will die; it must not have its little nails cut in that time, or it will prove a liar; if its mother touches hinde or ax or scissors on the day of its christening, it will meet its death by some sharp instrument; if the sign of the cross be not made over the baby's mouth when it yawns, the devil will enter in at it.

To whip a child on Sunday is to ruin it; but to whip it on a Good Friday is to make it well behaved all the rest of its life. Nor, according to these words of wisdom, can a child be allowed to walk backward, for the child who walks backward drives its parents by just so many steps toward the bottomless pit; nor may you allow a child to read and eat at the same time, unless you are willing to ruin its memory. Other matters, too, come under the jurisdiction of these ancient prohibitions. The wedding ring should not be too small, unless one wishes for misfortune. Of the bridal pair the one who first kneels in prayer, or first rises from prayer, is the one who first dies. These and a thousand others like them are the remnants of former days, and we can well congratulate ourselves that we have escaped from the prison walls of reliance on such notions and can afford to laugh at our fallen fetters.—Harper's Bazar.

### A Shooting Incident in India.

Four Europeans who had been out after tiger in the Maimensing district were, says a Calcutta paper, returning at the close of a very long day, and had almost reached the factory where they were to dine and pass the night, when the captain ordered a halt. The "line" at once pulled up, and he said: "I hate seeing loaded rifles taken into a house (it was the old muzzle loading days), more especially where there are children; I propose that we fire ours off." "All right," said another, "but we have not had a shot all day; what do you say to a 'pool'?" "There's nothing to fire at," observed a third. "There's that ghurrah," said the captain, pointing to an earthern vessel which some ryots who were working at a little distance had, as usual, brought their day's supply of drinking water in. "Very good," said the fourth, "but, what with bad light and the distance, it's by no means an easy shot. I propose we each put a chick on." "How shall we decide as to the order of firing?" said one. "Oh," replied the captain, generously, "commence at your end of the line."

The mark was by no means an easy one to hit, for the distance was well nigh a hundred yards, the guns smooth bores and the light that deceptive kind which one gets just between daylight and dark. But, on the other hand, the hunters were exceptionally good men, all excellent shots, either of whom could hit a running deer from the back of an elephant twice out of three times. "Fire away," said the captain. No. 1 grazed the right side of the vessel, and it was thought must have hit it. No. 2 went just over it. No. 3 went a little to the left. "Thank you, gentlemen," said the captain, "I'll trouble you for those 12 rupees." He raised his gun as he spoke, and the next moment the jar was covered with earth; the bullet had cut the ground beneath it.

Presently the vessel was seen to wriggle and then to kick, while a feeble cry proclaimed it to be a baby. Consternation was depicted on every face. The elephants bolted, the sahibs jumped down and rushed to the spot, the parents running from the opposite direction. The little mite hadn't been touched, and was carried off by the father and mother with great rejoicing. They also took the "pool" along with them, and right glad the sahibs were, under the circumstances, to part with it.—New York Post.

### Aluminum As an Alloy.

But the chief uses of aluminum are in the forms of alloy, which seem destined to take the place of steel, iron and other metals where they are exposed to heavy work, its tensile strength being far greater than that of steel. The chief alloys are copper and antimony, but alloyed with brass it gives out a clear, ringing sound when struck and makes an excellent metal for bells. Aluminum bronze is used in making propeller screws, it not being affected by water, and neither does it corrode. Aluminum iron holds its color, gives a finer grain and prevents sand holes in the casting. Alloyed with zinc, copper and nickel it has a pale, yellow tint, while with 5 per cent. aluminum and the rest copper it takes a rich yellow similar to brass. These alloys are used for harness, or wherever a yellow metal is desired. They are rapidly taking the place of brass, being far less apt to tarnish and much more easily cleaned. The new White Star steamers now being made in England are being fitted with this metal in preference to any other. There would also seem to be a large field for it in the manufacture of musical instruments that are now made of brass.—New York Mail and Express.

### The World's Oldest Rose Bush.

The oldest rose bush in the world is at Hildersheim. It was planted more than 1,000 years ago by Charlemagne in commemoration of a visit made him by the ambassador of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, of "Arabian Nights" fame. A few years afterward when Louis the Pious, the son of Charlemagne, was hunting in the neighborhood, mass was said in the open air. On returning to his home, the officiating priest found that the holy image was missing. Returning to to the spot where mass had been said, he discovered the missing image in the branches of a wild rose tree. As it miraculously evaded his grasp he went back to Louis and his suite and told them of the wonder. They all rushed to the spot and fell on their knees before the miraculous bush. A cathedral was built above it, its roots being inclosed in a sort of coffin shaped vault, under the middle altar of the crypt. This crypt was built in the year 818, and with the rose tree it survived a fire which destroyed all the rest of the cathedral in 1146. The roots are over 1,000 years old. The rose plant was, when described a few years ago, still living and blooming profusely, and was twenty-six feet high, covering thirty-two feet of wall, though the stem was only two inches in diameter.—Sophie B. Herrick in The Cosmopolitan.

The German government have paid 300,000 marks to Mannlicher, the Austrian engineer, for a patent cylinder stopper for quick loading rifles, which will be kept secret.

### Stopping a Steamer's Headway.

A French inventor, M. Pagan, has discovered a way to stop the headway of a steamer in short order, and consequently lessen considerably the dangers of collision at sea. The Havre and Bordeaux papers speak of a coming test of the machine by one of the French war steamers. The machine consists of a number of parachutes, so placed that they can be tossed overboard readily and towed by a cable. The resistance, without being great enough to produce a shock, rapidly overcomes the headway of the vessel.—New York Sun.

### The "Upset" Canoe Race.

There is one event in every canoe regatta that amuses the lay spectator—the "upset" race. The sailing races may be tiresome, and devoid of interest through lack of wind. The paddling races may be exciting; but for pure fun the upset race is sure to cary off the palm. It is, to begin with, a short race, of about 200 feet. The canoes are started just as in paddling races, and when well under way, a signal is given from shore, at which every paddler must immediately capsize his canoe, turn it completely over, regain his seat, and paddle to the finish. The overturning of the whole fleet of canoes at the same instant is a novel and ludicrous sight, and the struggles of the paddlers to crawl over the sides of the canoes, without again upsetting them, are very funny to watch.

These races have produced more skill in handling the canoe under difficulties than any other event. The contestants must be good swimmers and strong. They must be active and thoroughly accustomed to the water, and must have a practical knowledge of balance. If an "upset" or "man overboard" event should be added to rowing regattas it might go far toward reducing the annual number of accidents and fatalities from this fine sport. The fun comes in at a canoe "upset" race mainly from the entire absence of danger. Risk is lacking simply because the men who compete are all skillful hands. The training is invaluable to the canoeists, and it has prevented many an accident by giving the paddlers confidence in the canoes and themselves when accidentally placed in trying circumstances.—Outing.

### Curiosities of Vegetable Growth.

It is a singular and as yet unexplained fact that in certain species of vegetable growth there are found a variety of stones supposed to be formed and deposited in their tissues from the silicious and calcareous juices circulating in their organisms. Thus, in the bamboo a round stone is found at the joints of the cane called "tabasheer." Another curiosity of the sort is the "cocoanut stone," found in the endosperm of the cocoanut in Java and other East India islands. Dr. Kimmins describes it as a pure carbonate of lime. It is sometimes round, sometimes pear shaped, while the appearance is that of a white pearl without much luster. Some of the stones are as large as cherries and as hard as feldspar or opal. They are very rare and are regarded as precious stones by the orientals and charms against disease or evil spirits by the natives. Stones of this kind are sometimes found in the pomegranate and other East India fruits. Apatite has been discovered in the midst of teak wood.—New Orleans Picayune.

### The Pastime of Theft.

The sport of thieving, in its various forms, is the most irresistible of all pastimes, writes the late Chief Justice Cockburn in his reminiscences. What have the moors equal to it? No license to pay for, no permission to ask, no close time, total idleness, great risk, frequent success, constant excitement, a community of their own, the whole public their preserve, the delight of eluding the law, and the many chances of escape even after being caught trespassing. If anything could be required to whet their appetite for this game, it would be its contrast with the dullness of a good prison recently left. I hope I'm wrong, but if there be a thoroughly reformed twice convicted thief, I would rather pay a shilling to see him than to see any other wonder in any living show.—Home Journal.